Susan Musgrave: A Moment at Erindale.

A woman and her poetry

by Anne Hanley

Susan Musgrave is a fascinating young woman who puts thoughts and emotions on paper. She read selections from her poetry here at Erindale on the 15th of January.

As a student, she remembered that she disliked being taught poetry, as many of the teachers didn't seem to care about the meaning of the poem, but were rather more interested in counting metaphors or in the punctuation of the poem. However, she wrote her own poetry and Robin Skelson prompted her to have it published. "It all just happened. . .I didn't seem to really work at it. . .it seems like a miracle." She said she writes in short bursts, but unfortunately (for us) these bursts are not common. She views poetry as one way of relieving frustration, of defending oneself against everything.

Her first book of poem was **Song of the Sea Witch**, published by Sono Nis Press. Many of these poems are very intense, but yet so simple. . .But then, I suppose most deep emotions are basically simple. "There is danger in not understanding loss". (From **Refusal**) **She wrote in Once More.**

"Everything that I didn't want to know about you
you told me in the first five minutes we were alone.
After that
there was nothing more
worth mentioning."

And in **Mackenzie River North,**

"There is nothing about for us but fear
And moving
always moving
out of the night
It comes."

Susan Musgrave said that she doesn't feel close to many of her earlier poems, she can't understand or recapture the feeling that prompted her to write a particular poem. Perhaps, she was noting this in **Entrance of the Celebrant,**

". . .but that even I am nearing completion
That everything I have become is something already gone."

Ms. Musgrave lived with the Haida Indians in an effort to learn their language. "My white skin has fooled them, every time." She was interested in the Haida hertiage **before** the white people came, while many of the Haida people thought that the advent of the white people was a great and fantastic thing. She found that there was a divisive wall between herself and the Haida people due to the colour of her skin, and yet she felt that she was more Indian than they.

Ms. Musgrave has also written a book for children, and "for adults who remember. . ." called **Gullband.**

Susan Musgrave writes thoughtful and thought-provoking words. It would be worth your while to read some of her poems.

"The everlasting flower
Had never cared about
roads or what was
On the other side of them.

The everlasting flower
Was still in
Innocent."

(from **Gullband**).

Forsan et haec olin

medium II

Meniwisse invabit

Vol. 1 No. 15 | At Erindale College of the University of Toronto | January 23, 1975

S.A.G.E. Vice-President resigns in protest

Brian Casey, Vice President of the Student Administrative Government at Erindale College tended his resignation last Wednesday evening before a startled SAGE committee meeting.

In his letter of resignation, Casey stated that he has "tried very hard to do Council's hard and boring work; but lately, I have found my fellow members of council too involved with their personal ego:" The letter extended Casey's personal condolences to Sandy Mattice, Art Birkenbergs, Ray Pidzamecky and Jean Murphy, who believes have done ". . .a good job inspite of all the immaturity and egoism demonstrated in particular by Brian MacInnis, Mike Rumak and Ralph Szalay." In a personal interview, Casey stated that he was ". . .sick and tired of their egoism and immaturity." Casey added this was the "one and only reason" why he resigned from office.

medium II – Michael Savitzki

Brian Casey (foreground) and one of his verbal victims Ralph Szalaz (background) in happier days.

Casey accused the Communications Commissioner, Ralph Szalay of "not doing what he should do." Casey contends that Szaley suffers from "monomania" and "simply does not represent his commission at large."

Szalay admitted that he was "personally disgusted" with the content of Casey's letter of resignation, adding that ". . .a lot of people have blown their importance in SAGE way out of proportion. . .after all it's still an extra-curricular activity." Szalay went on to say that "SAGE is not the focal point in my life, nor do I contend it should be."

Casey accused the Service Commissioner, Brian MacInnis of "flying on an ego trip" and that MacInnis ". . .doesn't know

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Resignation reveals SAGE in shambles

by John Challis

Apparent confusion is the order of the day within SAGE, as was revealed at last Wednesday's Council meeting with resignation of Brian Casey as vice-president. Casey attacked Services Commissioner Brian MacInnis, Finance Commissioner Mike Rumak, and Communications Commissioner Ralph Szalay in a scathing letter saying they displayed "immaturity and egoism". He had no specific reason for his resignation, but was just fed up with the incompetence of these three in the Council.

After some lengthy discussion, Art Birkenbergs, president of SAGE could not convince Casey to reconsider, but he will retain several functions within Council.

The incident prompted Brian MacInnis to call for the resignation of Peter Smith as Pub Manager. MacInnis denied he had one so the next day, according to Radio Erindale, and the Services Commission has had no comment since, apparently thinking that things might settle down on their own. However, Birkenbergs has assured Medium II that MacInnis had indeed called for Peter Smith's resignation and stated that MacInnis' action was totally without authority. The issue apparently centered on the reopening of the pub, which Smith at the time had no control or knowledge over, as Erindale's application for a permanent license was under review downtown. It has

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There is something remarkable about it!

by Anne Hanley

When complimented on his ability as an organist, Bach replied with, "There is nothing ramarkable about it. All you have to do is hit the right notes at the right time, and the instrument plays itself." Back was undoubtedly downplaying his own ability and genius, for there is something more to beautiful and moving music than merely hitting the "right notes at the right time." There is the concentration involved in learning the music, but more than this, there is the individual musician's love and respect for the music. When these three aspects are combined in one performance, it's a musical gourmet.

On Sunday afternoon, in the Meeting Place of Erindale College, the Bach Youth Ensemble provided their audience with just this sort of musical treat. Formed in 1971 under the guidance of Patrick Burroughs, the Ensemble has had, as yet, a brief but illustrious career. In 1971, a western tour to Victoria was undertaken with concerts given in major cities along the route. Two years later, in 1973, the Ensemble was invited to Paris to study with Alfred Loewenguth, founder and leader of the Loewenguth String Quartet. While in Paris, several performances were given by the Ensemble including a concert at Notre Dame. At home, the Bach Youth Ensemble has been awarded in 1973, and in 1974 an Opportunities for Youth grant enabling the members of the ensemble to give free two week instruction to young string students in the Metro Toronto area.

This past Sunday afternoon, the Ensemble demonstrated the fact that John Loomis (Erindale's musician in Residence) so appropriately worded, "String music is alive and well." Their music ranged from the Baroque period with the music of Vivaldi and Bach, right up to the post-Romantic era with selections of Sibelius and Elgar. Indeed, as the Finnish nationalist died in 1957, the Ensemble's music brought us virtually right up to the present day.

The Ensemble's second selection was Bach's Harpsichord concerto in F minor. In this case, the piano was substituted for the harpsichord as the solo instrument, with the pianist Miss Margaret Matheson, nothing less than magnificent.

Arthur Schopenhauer said that "Music is the melody whose text is thc world." Certainly this group of 26 young people in their performance Sunday afternoon, proved to their audience the validity of Mr. Schopenhauer's idea.

Erindale's pollution count down

by Heidi Putzer
Medium II Staff Reporter

Last week the Erindale College Council initiated measure to halt the further spread of the proliferating ashtrays, which have managed to take root all over the College and once again AIR has been detected in our lecture halls and seminar rooms.

The ashtrays were immediately missed and the reappearance of oxygen provided great relief to all those suffering from allergies and respiratory troubles, not to mention fogged up glasses. Though the majority are now probably suffering from metabolism shock, due to the fact all this clean country air takes some getting use to, after the simulated Toronto air, we're used to getting.

Minor controversy has raged in some lecture halls, but Mrs. Seppala, Executive Assistant to Principal Robinson informs us that the ruling was passed by both smokers and non-smokers after much discussion and consideration. It is reported that Principal Robinson puffed contentedly away on his cigar, while commenting on the merit of the resolution, while Dean Spigel, pipe in hand, motioned his agreement. It was concluded that all partakers of the pleasures of smoking could surely refrain from their habit for fifty minutes and Dr. Rae's announcement of the ruling suggests "that an intermission of ten minutes be introduced so that smokers can retire to indulge in their habit in two hour sessions."

Already, suggestions for segregating smokers and non-smokers have been forwarded and one progressive professor is scheduling tutorials for smokers and non smokers.

However, opinions around the

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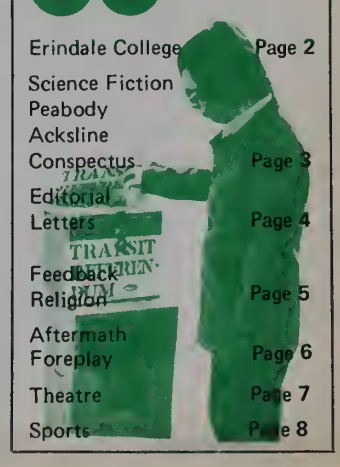

THE ERINDALE MARDI GRAS WILL BE HELD ON FRIDAY, FEB. 7. Sponsored by the Students Administrative Government of Erindale, the evening will include a tropical buffet, top-notch jazz band, cash bar, etc. Tickets will be on sale next week in various locations around the campus.

FREE SKATING

Register in Rm. 1114

Every Friday
12:30 - 1:30
at
HURON PARK

FREE SWIMMING

Thursday Nights
8:15 - 10:15
Clarkson S.S.
Sign up in room 1114
Begins January 16

Resigns in protest . . .

Continued from page 1

what's happening. . .like the cash register tape (one of the charges MacInnis brought against the Pub Manager, Peter Smith). . .the tape is a non issue. . .the things he asked are inconsequential."

During the interview it was asked whether his own resignation would unbalance the power structure within SAGE, Casey replied ". . .perhaps, but this is up to the people I condemn. I don't know, perhaps even it will escalate the backstabbing or maybe it will bring them into the awareness of my personal dissatisfaction. . .to shock them." Casey made it clear that his "attack" was not "personal." And that he really doesn't ". . .know them personally."

Arthur Birkenbergs, President of SAGE accepted Casey's resignation along with council. Birkenbergs stated that he would rather have accepted other's resignations.

INTERLIBRARY LOAN FOR UNDERGRADUATES

On a trial basis (November, 1974-April, 1975) the University of Toronto is offering Interlibrary Loan to undergraduates. This means that if you are unable to locate material (book, journal or Canadian thesis) at Erindale, or via our Book Delivery Service from the downtown campus, we can try to locate it and borrow it for you from other **Canadian** university libraries. This is particularly helpful if you research your topics **well ahead of their due date,** since it will usually take at least 2 weeks before the material arrives at Erindale. If you have any questions regarding this service please ask at the Information Desk.

Dallas Lowe, I.L.L.

DRAMAS 200 & 300 PRESENT "WOYZECK"

By Georg Buchner
Directed by J. Astington
Today and Tomorrow at 2:00 p.m., one evening performance Friday, Jan. 24 at 8:30 p.m. in the studio theatre. Everyone Welcome.

PRIZE COMPETITION IN GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY

The Classical Association of Canada is sponsoring a competition in Greek and Roman mythology. The competition is open to all undergraduate students in Canada and will consist of a three-hour paper (two essays from a choice of three topics) to be written on Monday, March 3rd. First prize is $100 and there are other cash and book prizes as well. At Erindale, the competition will take place in Room 285 at 2.00 p.m. Students interested in participating should contact Professor Roger Beck (Room 206) by February 7th.

FREE
HELP WITH YOUR ESSAY WRITING
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An Academic Service for Erindale Students, Room 103C, North Building.

For appointment call 828-5275 or come to Room 112, October 21/74 - April 11/75, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

ATTENTION GRADS!

An important meeting concerning your future at Erindale College will be held on Wednesday, Jan. 29th at 11:30 a.m. in Room 1135 (South Building) COME OR STARVE. Coffee will be provided.

The Erindale Stage Band Presents
"Amateur Night"
Saturday January 25th, 1975
(at the Pub)
Advance ticket sales only
Available at S.A.G.E. Office
(South Building) .50c each

Submissions for the Harold Sonny Ladoo book prize for Creative Writing must be submitted to the Erindale College Awards Office by April 15th. Full-time and part-time Erindale students are eligible. Competitors may submit one or more of the following: (i) a long poem or a group of short poems, (ii) a short story or a group of short stories, (iii) a novel or the scheme of a novel accompanied by approximately 15,000 words of the novel itself, (iv) a play. No previously published composition will be accepted. Submissions must be submitted under a pseudonym. Further details are available from the College Awards Office, Rm. 237, North Building.

NOTA BENE

FINANCIAL AID

It is still possible for eligible students to apply for financial aid from the Ontario Student Assistance Programme (OSAP).

Applications submitted between September 30 and January 31 are for a reduced amount of aid.

Forms are obtainable in your Registrar's Office or the Student Aid Office.

PLEASE NOTE:

the final deadline for OSAP applications is January 31st.

On Campus

Professor Gary Sprules (Biology) has recently had three papers accepted for publication. One entitled "Environmental factors and the incidence of neoteny in **Ambystoma gracile** (Baird) (Amphibia: Caudata)" appeared in the December, 1974 issue of the Canadian Journal of Zoology. The remaining two present the results of an investigation into the structure of crustacean zooplankton communities in industrially acidified lakes of Killarney Provincial Park, Ontario. The first entitled "midsummer crustacean zooplankton communities in acid-stressed lakes" will appear in the March 1975 issue of the Journal of the Fisheries Research Board of Canada, and the second, entitled "Factors affecting the structure of limnetic crustacean zooplankton communities in Central Ontario lakes" was presented at the 19th Congress of the International Association of Limnology held in Winnipeg in August, 1974 and will appear in those proceedings some time during the summer of 1975.

\+ + +

At the January 14th meeting of the College Council, Principal Robinson advised that he, together with Mr. Opalinski, and three student representatives, had met with Mississauga Transit officials to discuss the bus system at the College. As a result there will be improvements in the system, full details of which will be announced shortly. The direct shuttle service from the Islington subway to the College will be reinstated on February 10th. There will also be a fifteen minute service, one route direct to Sheridan Mall and the other via Erin Mills to the Woodchester Plaza. Further details soon.

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TIME: 10.00 a.m.-11.00 p.m.
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Mississauga, Ont.., Can.

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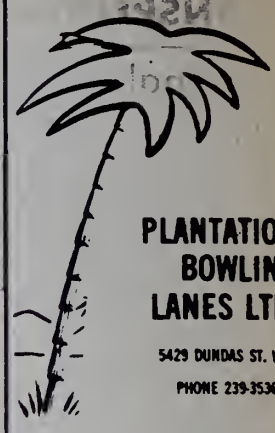

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CLASSIFIED ADS

RATES: 25 words for $2.00, additional words 10 cents each. Classified Ads are not accepted by telephone and are payable in advance. Deadline is 12 noon Fridays in the Advertising Office, Room 5005, South Building.

Classified Ads will be offered free of charge to Erindale College students, faculty and staff. These ads too will not be accepted by telephone and they must be limited to 25 words maximum.

COPERNICUS POLISH YOUTH CLUB

There is a meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 5 at 2:45 p.m. in Room 114C. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss future events, dance, international night, etc.

There is a 15 per cent discount for Club members, and 10 per cent for other students at Sheridan Mall, Light-Sound Sensorium Ltd. on stereos, hi-fi's, TV's etc.

PASSPORT PHOTOS

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For more information:
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ROMANTIC REBELLION
"Turner", Part II, Thurs., Jan. 23, Art Gallery, 12:15, 1:15, 7:30 p.m.

DEBATE
"Resolved that oil and natural gas prices in Canada are too low."
Honorary Visitor—C. W. Daniel, President of Shell Canada.
Thurs., Jan. 23, Debates Room, 8:00 p.m.

CAMERA CLUB
Photograph Hart House Contest
Wed., Jan. 29, 12 noon in Club Room
Colour printing class,
Wed., Jan. 29 at 7:00 p.m. in Club Room

LIBRARY EVENING
Dr. Claude Bissell, reading and talking about "Halfway Up Parnassus".
Wed., Jan. 29, Library, 8:00 p.m.

ART COMMITTEE TALK
An informal evening with—
Dr. Allan Wilkinson, Curator of the Henry Moore Collection at the Art Gallery of Ontario;
Talking about the Henry Moore Sculpture Centre,
Wed., Jan. 29, East Common Room, 8:00 p.m.

NOON HOUR JAZZ CONCERT
Jack McFadden Quartet
Wed., Jan. 29, 12-2 p.m., East Common Room

INFORMAL DEBATE
"Resolved that he who hesitates is lost."
Wed., Jan. 29, Bickersteth Room at 3:00 p.m.

CRAFT CLUB
Off-loom weaving
Wed., Jan. 29 at 7.30 p.m. in Art Gallery

BLACK HART
Entertainment with Dave Martin.
Jan. 28, 29, 30, Arbor Room, 8-11:30 p.m.

CONSPECTUS

By George Dowse

The final commercial relationship

Once you talk about it, the act of communication has been made. You get so sick of repetitive questions and answers as a writer. For once (as a cabdriver) I had decided to give it to them straight.

"What else do you do?" they asked (as if cabdriving had not been enough).

"Drive taxi, of course," I said.

Eager to please, I said, "Next question."

"What else do you do?" they asked.

"Am a writer," I said.

"What do you write?" they asked.

Now that's a more difficult question, but I played with the customer's ear anyhow; if I hadn't, Id be hauled up on Metro Licences Commission's carpet for being rude (to the always RIGHT customer).

"Stories. Books," I said.

"What are they about?" (Hum! Where would it end? Better for me to have said "Cabdriver" and be done with it.)

Next time. There would always be a next time as there would always be my pending death, perhaps in the Cabdriver's seat if that had kept up.

"Many things," I answered.

"What are you writing now?" (I began to wonder whether I had an expert interviewer back there). Hell no! They all came on like that.

"Well," I began, "It's about this youth, a PhD graduate that I once knew . . ."

Now that I had been trapped, I went on . . . and risked disappointing myself again (for talking about it) and perhaps lose my customer in the bargain.

"He lived in our rooming house; he had been very preoccupied with "what is, is." That statement originated with Aristotle you know: "A is '."

He hadn't been the type (if I had to classify him at all) to accept the superficial society; he wanted no part of it. That spring he had moved East from "A" University in the West where he held a part-time teaching job on the faculty; one day he walked out and left it cold. For a short term, he sold encyclopedias but he quit that and accepted Welfare instead; they learned that he had made no effort in finding a job so they cut off his allowance. I didn't see him again until the time that I saw him dead.

A Metro newspaper carried a photograph of him and a plea for someone to come forward to identify this youth at the city morgue. I went and identified him for the Police; I told them what I had already told you about him but it didn't seem to help the Police in finding his next of kin if he had any.

The Police said that they had found his body in a Church Street rooming house not far from where I had lived. They had to force the lock on his door and when they enered, his body had been in a coffin which had been put on top of the army cot; there had been a bullet hole in his forehead and the gun had been lying on the floor.

The source of the coffin had not been found; the Police said that it had the ear marks of a murder, but from what I knew about this youth, I knew deep down that he shot himself.

No one came forward to claim his body; therefore, I arranged his burial and paid the expenses (what there was of it.)

After his funeral, I visited his place of death, and found the following note which the Police had overlooked:

"This is not a protest against coin or reason, but it is an action of a man who no longer fears. Fear makes a commercial relationship . . . what is, is."

He had me type this note for him when had lived with us . . .

So I had been the one to complete his final commercial relationship: burying people, a very pleasant commercial relationship, I thought.

It hadn't occurred to me that I had parked the Taxi at the passenger's destination and he paid me without further questions and he left.

I drove the taxi into the tidepot and thus completing my own final commercial relationship with cabdriving.

ACKSLINE

by Daniel Acks

Appreciation

The word is most familiar. We use it often: "Thank you, I appreciate the gift." or "I'd appreciate it if you'd leave."

Common phrases that we have all repeated occasionally. But, do we truly mean "appreciation"?

Certainly, we are thankful if someone gives us a present, or if somebody leaves when we want them to.

But appreciation? Hell, the word goes deeper than being merely thankful.

It requires a small incident, perhaps occuring in a split second to make us really appreciate something.

I feel that for a person to appreciate a particular item, ne or she has to be aware of that item's infinite possibilities.

Too obscure for you? Okay then, example time . . .

For the past several weeks I've been visiting a close relative in the hospital. Luckily, what he's in for isn't serious-elective treatment it's called. Therefore, he can leave whenever he wishes to.

I was walking through the halls of this hospital one day, feeling shitty, since I had done fairly lousy on a test back at the college.

Anyways, I was dragging and mopping through the corriders when I saw this young girl in her early twenties. She was lying on her back in a wheel chair, completely paralyzed, being pushed around by a nurse.

I saw her for just a few seconds, but it only took that short while to make me realize.

Christ, here I am feeling sorry for myself because I failed a goddam test when this girl couldn't write one if she wished to.

In that brief instance, I received a true taste of appreciation. The kind of feeling where you have to sit down and take stock of yourself. Not only did I have a deep sense of gratefulness, but I was also embarrassed and angry at myself for acting so foolish over a mere trivility.

Sitting in that hospital I can honestly say I appreciated and was aware of my life and body as never before.

In retrospect, it might sound extremely corny, but, I can assure you, an occurence such as mine tends to humble one greatly.

Ever since that visit to the hospital however, I've tended to become very impatient with people and their various complaints. While they are relying to me their momentous problems, I feel like saying:

Smarten up - just take a look at that girl in the hospital and still tell me about your troubles. I guarantee, your worries are all bullshit in comparison.

Many of you will probably find this column morbid. If you do, you've missed the entire point of it.

I want you to be aware of yourselves.

Walk around smiling for a change. And, if somebody asks: "How are you?" Instead of complaining, tell 'em . . I'm just fantastic! because you are.

Medium II extends our apology to Frank Cockram for the frequent misspelling of his name.

Editor

REFERENDUM

BALLOTS WILL BE COUNTED ON FRIDAY FOR THE REFERENDUM IN THE JOURNAL OFFICES, ROOM 5005, MAIN BUILDING

SCIENCE FICTION

by Geoffrey Kavanagh

BRADBURIAN FUTURE SHOCK: PART 2

One of these is that Clarisse vanishes and the other is that he decides not to be a fireman anymore. The latter of these takes place when an old woman allows herself to be burnt rather than be taken away from her books. Montag finds help through an old man, Faber, whom he once met in a park (this character turns up in a later story "To the Chicago Abyss"). Montag at this time also becomes a fugitive when Mildred turns him in for possession of books. He then with the help of Faber escapes to the outskirts of the city to join a roving band of exiles from society. The self-imposed task to these exiles is to memorize a book or a portion of one. Here Montag realizes that he has found the best way for his self to gain happiness. The book ends with thought that society is cyclical, an image reinforced by the mention of the Phoenix myth. In this novel Bradbury shows us some of his most interesting characters. Montage of course is one of them, but Faber and Beatty also command attention—perhaps because they both realize why society does what it does and yet their reactions are totally different. Beatty goes along with society, and in some ways he almost seems to be a devil's advocate (especially when he tries to convince Montag that society is right). Faber, the frightened aging academic on the other hand is willing to fight back to try and regain the precious things that his society is letting slip away. Clarisse also provides an interesting character. She seems almost to be anachronism, a tragic character despite her joy and happiness. We wonder how long society will tolerate her (indeed these are later hints—not just hints— that she was killed). Another aspect of his writing not really mentioned so far is his ability to describe settings. In the novel the motif of fire carries all the way through and as Montag's attitude changes towards his work so does his attitude towards fire. Through the changing descriptions of fire we are able to see this. Bradbury also uses his descriptive abilities to almost visualize the settings in the book. A good example of this is when he shows us Mildred just before the bombs hit. The scene unfurls like a slow motion film. This and his other abilities make Bradbury one of the best science fiction (and fantasy) writers alive today.

Bradbury uses all these stories to point out several important things. The first is that we should not lose sight of simple joys or our culture. After all, the society which he describes is not in the distant future. It is in fact uncomfortably close (as is shown by Beatty's description of the development of the society). However the second point is that Bradbury seems to have faith in human nature so that we will not end up with society as he pictures it through these works culminating in **Fahrenheit 451.**

Continued Next Week.

Pollution count down . . .

Continued from page 1

college have been varied, but there is general feeling expressed both by students and administration that it's a well-intentioned but ill-fated proposition.

The choice is ours, whether we opt for unadultered Erindale air or close simulation of downtown Toronto's gaseous mixture, that only a Torontonian could mistake for air.

Also a word of warning, it may be a little difficult to navigate in the hallways from now on, and does anyone know of where one can unload a couple hundred second-hand ashtrays?

PEABODY

by Peabody

The Party's platform

I have an apology to make. After reading last week's column it suddenly struck me that I ended up sounding like Peabody. That is not easy revelation, by any means. One doesn't really know the final tone of a piece until he is long divorced from it, put it out of his mind. Last week as I sat at the typewriter, composing this burden Peabody has placed on my weak shoulders, I felt the tentacles of excitement grip me. Peabody must have better control of the muse than I do, surely she got control of me and took me down a path I wasn't willing to tred. I disclaim anything said last week. It was not me.

Now that that is done I will try in the column to be light-hearted, pleasant, force you to chuckle. This girl I know got herself into a predicament of horrendous proportions. She's kind of sweet, got a nice figure but to put it bluntly she doesn't have too much on the ball. She was walking down Yonge Street (which is a predicament in itself) thinking of a new pair of shoes that would go nicely with a new dress she had bought at Eaton's. It had a wide green skirt, high-waisted and a matching top of the same material. In her mind, she had a definite idea of the kind of shoes she wanted. High platforms, and a shiny green material, they would rightly accent the dress she would wear.

The first shoe store was a complete failure. Oh, they had platforms, but nothing in green, I'm sorry, why don't you try the store down the street. There she had the same amount of success. All day long she marched up and down the street and nowhere could be found these particular shoes. On her fifth pass she suddenly noticed a street that had never been seen before. Interested, she made a sharp right turn and found herself confronted with five stores, all displaying her kind of shoes and no other kind. The display windows were filled with platform shoes, of a green shiny material. The first four stores did not have her size. By this time she was close to tears.

The fifth store was unlike the others. It was very small, dark and had a long corridor leading to the fitting room. The proprietor was a small wizened man, with a hook nose and the whitest hair she had ever seen. He looked about one hundred years old, his wrinkles had wrinkles. He invited her in, and magically the first shoes were, lo and behold, a perfect fit. She was thrilled, kissed his old wrinkled face, bought the shoes and went home. They were perfect. A modest platform enhanced a modest heel, the material was just shiny enough, and strangely they were like walking on air.

Next Saturday she was invited to a dance given by a distant relative of Omar the tent-maker. She spent that whole day doing her hair, polishing her nails, painting her lips and sketching eye lashes on her tiny blue eyes. About fifteen minutes before her date arrived, she put on her dress and finally, slipped into her shoes. When he arrived at the door, whe greeted him with a turn of her skirt and a flash of her walking apparrel. He was stunned, she had never looked lovlier.

They arrived at the party stylishly late. It was a grand affair, complete with dancing Arabian bellies and swirling swords suspended from the ceiling. As the evening progressed, my friend noticed her date growing smaller. She attributed it to the goblets of wine that freely washed the dainty morsels down her throat. But he didn't stop shrinking. Then she turned her attention towards the rest of the crowd. They were all staring at her. And rightly so. By this time she was at least two feet above the tallest man at the party. Imagine the quandry she was in. To suddenly grow beyond the rest of her friends; how intimidating, how frightful, how too incredible.

Now you are wondering what was the cause of this strange phenomenom. Had you been at the party, it would have been evident. Her shoes, he beloved shoes, with modest platform and heel, of shiny green material, had increased beyond their wildest imaginings. Those modest platforms were now three feet in height and showed no evidence of reduction. Her head grazed those swirling swords, and she was in great fear of her life. She yelled down to her boyfriend, that she thought it was time to go. He handed her coat up to her and they made a quick retreat. As she walked down the stairs, the platforms caught, and you guessed it, she fell seventeen feet, broke both legs, her hip bone, cracked a rib, punctured a lung, bruised various appendages and smeareu her mascara. She was in the hospital for six months.

The next party she wore wallabyes.

AFTERMATH

By J. D. Linton

Gustav Holst: The Planets

In my younger days, when I was an ardent science-fiction buff, I often wondered what it would be like to visit the various planets of our solar system. Through such as Asimov, Heinlein, Clarke and all the rest I obtained one impression of these outer regions— that of cold, hostile worlds of rock, totally alien to man. The concept was frightining. It wasn't until I first listened to Holst's **The Planets** that I realized the beauty and fragility that these silent spheres could possess.

The work is an orchestral suite of seven movements, each attempting to broadly describe the astronomical nature of a certain plant. Earth is omitted, as is Pluto, which is not represented for the simple reason that it was not discovered until 1930, twelve years after the first public performance of the suite.

The first movement is entitled **Mars, the Bringer of War,** and is characterized by a crashing section accompanied by loud beatings on the timpani. Designed to portray the brutality and stupidity of war, Mars starts off in a rather low key manner with only the violins tapping the backs of their bows lightly on the strings. The effect is ominous. The music gradually builds to a tremendously powerful, hard-hitting climax that leaves one

Continued on page 6

medium II

No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the King's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

Isabella, Measure for Measures
QUOTE–by William Shakespeare

SAC

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An evaluative study to assess the effective use of Student Administrative Council of Erindale College within the University of Toronto.

Introduction

Since Student Governments (the Student Administrative Government of Erindale College in particular) are judged by the performance of the individuals it employs, and since these human resources constitute a role more prominant within the productive machine, than some persons do in other service organizations—it is therefore essential that a study be made to calculate the effective use of the Student Government representative and as a result—the extent which the Student Government has had in culminating its obligations to its student constituency.

Most studies of this quintessence are of an organic matter. They tend to delineate only on the size, composition and distribution of authorities found within their personnel management subject. But they totally neglect to add the "human aspect" to their study, they are primarily interested in observing only the result of a social problem and not it's root.

Most reports totally disregard questions that the youth today are asking. They seem to take for granted that the newest generation, the newest consciousness are willing to accept roles as student administrators. But this only contradicts reality for the new consciousness at Erindale College and indeed other colleges would prefer establishing themselves in extra curricular activities other than that of Student Government. One only has to look at last year and the lack of support towards an active election, to conclude the values and attitudes of the student populace have sought different directions.

But the question is why? What is so unappealing about Student Administrative Governments? What is the new consciousness / student looking for when he / she does accept the responsibility of office? What have student Governments done in terms of establishing conditions that give their image a sense of "security"? Have Student Governments been a catalyst in stimulating and allowing a constructive interest in the work their staff or employees turn out? Have Student Administrative Governments allowed themselves the opportunity to find themselves and then to educate themselves for what they best can do in work which is socially useful and such as to give free play in the development of themselves.

Thers are the questions at issue, this is the desideratum that other reports should have gone into, these are the importantly human problems occurring within Student Governments that require extensive research to have been answered effectively.

Perhaps it may be apparent that particular examples used in up-coming portions of this report may appear unrelatable to the topic of Student Governments, but we ask our readers to stop looking at problems as specialized and non-relatable facts, and begin simulating student values and opinions to the performance of his / her work. If we begin to recognize the social and economic contentions within our environmental sphere, and recognize these as well to be determining shadow within our own institution, and further realize. . .that the political / social inquiries that students are making today determines whether or not they will seek employment in Student Government, and upon doing so, whether or not it will be satisfactory employment. The present Student Governments are listening to these inquiries and conforming itself to meet the demands of student change.

Since the success of Student Governments are dependant on how effectively its people are used. And since money in terms of personal profit is of a non-existent nature within Student Governments, it will be the aim of this report to investigate the type of student who accepts a student office, his / her reasons for doing so, and the problems the student encounters.

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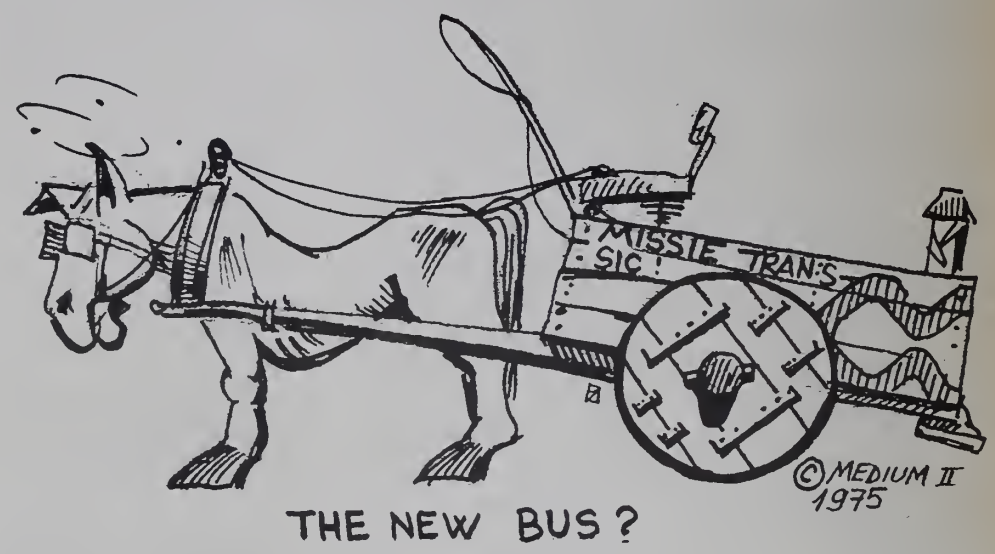

THE NEW BUS ?

Erindale Inter-Collegiate Team: To be or not to be?

Since the founding of Erindale, sports enthusiasts' only chance of playing inter-collegiate was to join the varsity team downtown. This year a money problem has arisen due to the fare charged by buses between the two campuses. Erindale feels that this is an unfair price to pay for wanting to play inter-collegiate, not to menton time wasted in travelling from Erindale to St. George. We are in a completely different city from the University of Toronto and have a substantial population of three thousand.

Last Thursday (Jan. 16) Dalt White, Athletic Director of U. of T. discussed the possibilities of having a separate inter-collegiate team at Erindale. Primarily this will involve Erindale's basketball team but other sport teams at Erindale will also be affected.

The results of this meeting have not been disclosed to Jim Watson, president of ECARA at Erindale. Jim has been equally reluctant in revealing very much information to Medium II.

It is not surprising that the result of this application may not come into effect for one or two years considering the lack of communication between downtown and Erindale.

Watson stated that they have sent a letter to the OUAA (Ontario University Athletic Association) which began this surprisingly long procedure of application. If the results of this meeting are favourable, Erindale will make a formal application.

Never before has OUAA given the right of inter-collegiate competition to a non-degree granting institution. However, Erindale's case is unique.

Watson hopes that the hassles of last year's attempt to apply will be avoided. Meanwhile Erindalians sit patiently awaiting the response of the downtown campus.

Sorry for the makebelieve political stories

The Student Administrative Government of Erindale is again staging a spectacle. Unfortunately this time around it is no longer a comedy. It is not even entertaining. We have been entertained beyond saturation with the Watergate spectacle. Whether charges of inflated egos and childish behaviour are true or false we are bored.

It is our duty at Medium II to "cover the story" for after all it is a "campus event" and we are a "campus paper". We truly regret having to waste the space on such "news".

Our only hope here can be that with the S.A.G.E. elections to be held this year, the student body will decide to do away with the S.A.G.E. organization in its present form, or better yet, do away with the entire works and give students a real break with rebates on their student activity fees.

It's about time we stop financing a nursery school for children who want to play "toy politician".

Letters To The Editor

All letters should be addressed to the Editor, c / o Medium II, room 5005, South Building. They must be double spaced, typed and limited to 250 words. Medium II reserves the right to edit for length and grammar. Name and address must be included for legal purposes but the name will be withheld upon request. Deadline: Fri. 5 p.m.

Pig University

Dear Sir;

I would like to ask a few questions:

1. Who spreads copies of Medium II from wall to wall on half the floors of the campus?
2. Who leaves all their lunch garbage on the tables and floors of the careteria, for the next person to clean up or sit in?
3. Who fills the lecture rooms and cafeteria with foul, smelly tobacco smoke?
4. Who puts ashes, burns, butts and coffee stains, on floors, tables, chairs throughout the campus?

If the answer to these questions, is, as I fear, "the students of Erindale College", then I assume I am attending a university of pigs, not people.

Tony Kilgammon
Arts I

Miss. Transit, again

Dear Sir,

This is in response to the letter from "Name Withheld On Request" protesting the Referendum on the Mississauga Transit.

I completely disagree with his / her view that the Mississauga Transit provides "fine and efficient service". On the contrary, on numerous occasions the bus doors were shut in my face for no reason whatsoever; at both times the bus was virtually empty and there were about a dozen students besides myself waiting to get on.

I have seen the drivers be rude, blunt, and disrespectful towards Erindale students. The whole system is unacceptable to me; surely there is a better way to transport the students to their destinations without confronting continuous problems and frustration. I'm glad to see the Medium II taking action against the Mississauga Transit System; if the system cannot or will not be improved, it should be replaced.

Sincerely,
Harry Ansara,
Arts II

Dear Sir,

My congratulations to Daniel Acks (of Acksline) for composing the worst piece of so-called writing I have ever had the misfortune to read. With regard to he "Christmas Saga, Parts I and II," his particular effort in trying to create some kind of an interesting story shows his utter ignorance in the field of literary endeavour. His abundant use of four-letter words and other inane colloquialisms seems to suggest that either he does not care for his editorial position, or he had a quick deadline to make, or perhaps Mr. Acks possesses the utter gall to believe "A Christmas Saga" is the kind of garbage that Erindale students enjoy. I question the maturity of the columnist, and I definitely question his writing ability. If "A Christmas Saga" is Mr. Acks idea of realism and naturalistic speech, then woe to Daniel Acks and woe to Medium II. In the past, I have passed by this particular column, and in fact, I do not know what possessed me to read Acksline this time. However, I am secure in the fact that I shall not make the mistake of reading it again. The old maxim of one rotten apple spoiling the whole barrel may indeed apply here, and, in a word, Mr. Acks' piece of writing was "rotten." If Mr. Acks wishes to stand in the good graces of the Erindale College reading public, he should never again dare to impose such poor writing upon us. A definite measure of improvement with regard to Mr. Acks' priorities would seem in order, and until such an event occurs, Acksline shall be off-limits.

Bob Connoly
Eng., His. III

Hello There!

Yoohoo, hello there! Yoohoo executive people! Remember me? I'm an undergraduate. You know, one of the body of people you represent.

Quite frankly, if you're interested, I'm disgusted by the amount of mud-slinging going on in the upper echelons of our student government. Unfortunately none of you throw very well and your shots of smut and excerment are not damaging the opposition, they're coating me. I abhor shit! Clean up your act.

Is there not a line written somewhere that says that you are supposed to be representative of the student body? This body does not feel represented.

If you, as a total and whole executive, cannot supress your hatred and biases to work for my best interests then I strongly feel that you should leave.

Perhaps this letter will only be printed because I'm in strong agreement with Medium II receiving more of our funds because it has the potential, if we would only enforce it, of being the mouthpiece for all organizations whether student or administrative.

I'm upset and I'm disgusted, but I'm not without hope. Perhaps this election (the first in two years) will have the miraculous effect of pulling our student government together.

If not. . .God help us.

Caroline Auckland
Arts II

speaking out

'Crap-ola'

by P. CHAUVIN

name witheld by request

The time has come for an intelligent, rational and logical human being, (me), to stand up and say something about this childish idiotic fad sweeping our nation, commonly known as feminism. I do not call it feminism but many other things such as "hipping,, pinko, fag propaganda and left wing radical fanaticism." But two words best describe it "crap-ola" (Archie Bunker).

Let's discuss several issues that these degenerates are trying to uphold.

First and foremost, their mania for wanting to be equal to men. This of course is utterly ridiculous. It is a well known and established fact that males are superior to females. So, by the transitive property, females must be inferior to males. See, it's very easy to arrive at the right answer, all you need is a brain which all these fanatics do not have.

This cancerous growth is also affecting our children, by bitching that the books they read stereotype women.

Stereotype my ass! What else should John or Jill's mother be doing besides cooking and cleaning? Working in an office? Ha!

True women's liberation is the chance for a woman to show her beauty in Playboy or Penthouse, not driving a 15 ton pick-up.

Face it ladies, feminism is a useless cause started by a group of bitches in heat, who could not trap any man to satisfy her, so they decided to organize this sect to get back at men in general.

Ninety-nine percent of womanhood I classify as bitches. By this I mean ladies who can't wait till the day they get married, so they can leave their parent's house and be free. One half percent are those women that are lesbians, and don't care about male companionship and the remaining .5 percent comprise the mentally unstable feminists.

I would like to end this discussion with this well known famous saying. "A woman should be a **cook** in the kitchen, a **lady** in the **lounge**, and a **whore** in **bed**, and a **baby machine** is a close fourth.

Ladies, stand up for your rights, fight for your place in society, and when you're there watch you don't step on your man's heel, when you're walking behind him - it can be very irritating. And you wouldn't want to irritate him would you?

Feedback

by John Panjer

QUESTION: What do you think Canada's foreign aid policy to the starving countries of the world, should be?

FRANK LAI
Science III
"Because of our energy and economic crisis, Canada has to devote it's energy to internal problems."

MELYNDA WHITE
Arts I
"I believe Canada should help foreign countries as our standard of living is higher in most cases and it's the thing to do."

RICHARD HOLLOWAY
Math III
"Unless a chronically starving country is initiating a strong policy in birth control, Canada should not give in."

DAN GODIN
Psy. II
"Canada should help them to help themselves through the insitution of agricultural programmes. It's not enough to give them everything over the platter."

SUSAN BOCK
Psy. II
"Canada's participation in the World Food Conference was a good effort. I think it's important for everyone to do what they can."

JANICE EATOGH
Arts I
"Instead of slaughtering the baby beef and letting the eggs rot, the government should have set up plants to process them into powder, sending it to these countries. Our attitude is take care of me first. We contribute a few pennies to relieve our conscience."

RELIGION

by John Kerry

Sons and Daughters

SONS AND DAUGHTERS
BY William Johnston
Ballantine Books $1.25

That our country, along with the U.S. has been hit by the nostalgia craze is somewhat self-evident. Our music reflects this with the releasing of old songs by new artists (ie. Mr. Postman by the Carpenters), or new songs that sound like old ones (ie. Sugar Baby Love by The Rubettes), along with CHUM-AM's Canadian Graffiti program. However, the most noticeable example of our love of nostalgia is probably one certain movie named, anyone care to guess, right, American Graffiti. That American Graffiti was a success is an understatement. As a result of this success television decided to get into the act. In the middle of the 1973-74 season ABC-TV gave us Happy Days starring Ronny Howard of Graffiti same, a comedy set around 1955 (someone forgot that Graffiti took place in 1962, oh well).

I've seen one complete show and a few other hits so I can't comment on it, save to say that it seems to be successful. CBC-TV also got into the act. In their case it was a TV-movie called Senior Year. Set in 1955 it was a pilot film for a proposed series. The series did emerge at the beginning of the 74-75 season, but died after about ten weeks. This series was Sons and Daughters and was a more dramatic series than is Happy Days. Maybe that's why it died?

Unfortunately I did not see the movie, Senior Year and am therefore unable to compare the movie and the book and ascertain how faithful to the movie the book was. One thing I do know however, is that the author of the screenplay and the author of the book are two different persons. M. Charles Cohen wrote the pilot script while William Johnston wrote the novel. This, however is the extent of my knowledge concerning the actual film that was shown.

One of the oldest plots in literature is boy and girl meet; boy and girl fall in love, boy and girl get married and live happily ever after. Occasionally some sort of change is made, as in Romeo and Juliet where it's boy and girl get married and die. However the formula is usually followed, with complications thrown in. This is the plot of Sons and Daughters insofar that our two leads, Jeff and Anita, have progressed to boy and girl fall in love. Will their love lead to marriage? Only Jeff, Anita and the writer know with any degree of certainty. I rather think it will but that's only a guess on my part.

There are likely to be many people who decry the use of formula plots, though how one can avoid using some form of a formula plot is beyond my knowledge and understanding. To me the use of this formula plot is an asset, not a liability. The romance, though of major concern, is not the only concern. Mr. Johnston has taken many threads and elements and woven them into the fabric of the main plot to produce a tapestry of life which is enchanting and beautiful to behold. Complementing the main plot of the novel, there are several sub-plots. Some are more important than others, but all are handled well and expertly. Never once did I feel that the novel had become too cluttered with plots and sub-plots. Instead I had a sense of balance. All seemed right and good to me.

Insofar as the personalities and characters of the novel are concerned, I can only say that it is a job well-done. The characters are real and believable. At times you may say to yourself that such and such a character is like such and such a person you know. This brings a touch of personal identity to the novel as one can easily place himself with the characters.

The romance between Jeff and Anita is a serious one. The complications which arise due to the death, due to heart-attack.

Continued on page 7

Referendum

The Proposal

The Referendum, respectfully submits the following public measures to popular vote:

—that the present Erindale College Administration publicly recognize the incompetent behavior of Mississauga Transit.
—that the said administration draft a formal complaint, emphasizing the importance of correcting stated grievances. Should the formal letter prove to be ineffective,
—that the said Administration support an active boycott of Mississauga Transit.
—that the said Administration help provide capital to rent alternative buses.
—that excuses like ". . . the present budget is already dedicated," be rendered useless, because the wellbeing of the college is wholly dependent upon an efficient transit system.
—that all votes be calculated in the University Journal Office before witnesses.
—that figures will be released simultaneously to the said Administration and the officials of Mississauga Transit, thereafter released CORAM POPULO.

Grievances that lead to the Proposal

—The realization that Mississauga Transit offers inferior services than those given in past years. And that the said Transit system continues to allow:
—unreliable time schedules.
—drivers of the said Transit system to determine their own routes, often leaving patrons to unexpectedly walk to their destinations.
—drivers to go uninformed of all inter-connecting Mississauga Transit routes.
—the present shuttle bus service which serves Erindale College, and which further entails waiting an extra 30 to 45 minutes for the service to commence.

Medium II

☐ Agree with the Referendum
☐ Disagree with the Referendum

NAME .....

(Please check the appropriate box below)

Faculty ☐ Staff ☐ P/T Student ☐ F/T Student ☐ Other

Drop boxes have been arranged at the following locations:

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S.A.G.E. Office	Room 2077
Journal Photographic Office	Room 169
Registrar Offices	Room 216
	Room 2122

FOREPLAY

By Greg Tyndall

Dave Loggins: Apprentice (in a musical workshop)

"My music is my life . . .
A constant learning process
Always an apprentice
An apprentice I'll die
An apprentice I'll live
. . . in a musical workshop."

This little piece was stuck away in an obscure corner of Dave Loggins newest album "Apprentice". Sometimes an artist has great difficulty explaining his music and it's attitudes. Loggins is not one. His constant learning process has matured his music immensely since his previous LP. "Personal Belongings."

Past performances have shown Loggins to be an adept lyricist but the backing music fails to highlight his words. The string arrangements seem to dull the songs instead of adding the usual vitality and the studio musicians were inept in many areas—half of which pertained to Loggins album. "Apprentice" does away with many of these problems while offering very sound music.

The problem of Dave Loggins voice is not yet fully realized although attempts are made to cut down on the monotony. Loggins voice is constant and driving with little variation in intensity. This does not say it is boring. Harry Chapin and Joe Mendelson both have mastered their forceful voacl chords. The problem arises when the music does not vary enough to keep up the listeners interest in the voice. Chapin uses harmonics and a deep cello sound to add variety to his singing while Joe Mendelson had Mike McKenna's varying leads to combat the problem. Loggins tries to use background orchestration but it falls through on some songs. Imagination and originality are lacking. With his earlier attempts, this combination was lacking on all but two or three cuts whereas, "Apprentice" has reversed the tables. Only two or three cuts are devoid now. If one can disregard these minor lapses, the album can be classified in the range of a side and a half of solid music with two songs out for coffee. This is, of course, well above the lower categories of waste of wax, needle destroyer and nice try.

The second half of this LP is by far the best material of Loggins to date. The five cuts are all excellent. Included in this portion is his hit single Please Come to Boston, Girl from Knoxville, Sunset Woman, a song for his family entitled My Father's Fiddle and a well versed closer named Wonder'n As the Days Go By. I try to abstain from making blanket statements about best cuts on LP's because of such diverse opinions which never seem to coincide with mine. I do often mention favorites. The former half falls somewhat lower in my estimation, but still portrays some top grade material. Someday and Let Me Go Now are the forerunners. The others can be regarded as the lapses.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the success of this LP as compared to past albums is the set of musicians involved. There are no longer the lacklustre studio musicians but a well-versed group of standouts such as Steve Gibson, David Briggs and Kenny Malone whose expertise add the necessary complications Loggin's music needs. Simplistic chord changes have been alleviated and guitar riffs no longer sound like something from book one of Mel Bay's easy guitar course. The rhyme scheme and meter of the lyrics have been altered on many songs to produce a type of extended variation also, much like the music of defunked Elton John and Bernie Taupin.

The music is generally soft and undisturbing. It has a very relaxing quality to it—one mass lullaby it seems. Perhaps Loggins lyrics on the song Wonder'n As the Days Go By best sum up "Apprentice".

"I have travelled lots of towns
All these years on my own
It seems by now I surely would have
Found somehwere to call home . . ."

Loggins music couldn't hit closer to home than on this LP. I had the little woman over for a candlelight dinner the other night and put "Apprentice" on for some background. I asked her if my choice of music complimented the empty bottle of Castelvetro, vintage year '49? She replied, "It makes me tingle."

I stuck on the second side for dessert.

AFTERMATH . . .

Continued from page 3

with the impression of overkill. Brute force pervades the entire ending of the movement and provides superb imagery. After the final crashing chord you may feel like wiping the sweat from your brow.

Holst is kinder to us in the following movements. Immediately following **Mars** is **Venus, the Bringer of Peace,** a logical follow-up, something like love, marriage and the baby carriage. Four ascending notes by the French horn set the scene for the lilting melodies of the violins and the woodwinds. The effect is peaceful, but somewhat boring after the awesome thunder of **Mars.** After Venus has sailed out of orbit comes **Mercury, the Winged Messenger,** a fast-paced movement which scurries to and fro in a vain effort to find a dominant theme. On to **Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity.**

Jupiter is my favourite movement in the suite. Characterized by bright surgings of musical power it is the very antithesis of **Mars.** It is a happy, buoyant movement from the first swellings of the violins to the triumphant echoing last chord. If **Mars** numbs you, and **Venus** depresses you, **Jupiter** is sure to restore you to equilibrium.

Having passed the largest planet, we are approaching the end of our solar system, and the music becomes eerie and strange. **Saturn** and **Uranus** are not dynamic movements; Holst's intention here was to portray the mysteriousness of the outermost planets. Even the titles of the episodes reflect this: Saturn, as the "Bringer of Old Age", and Uranus, as the "Magician". It is exactly the sort of music you would expect to hear in these outer regions.

The final episode of the suite is entitled **Neptune, the Mystic.** It is different from the other movements in that Holst makes use of two three-part female choirs to enhance the mystery. An interesting biographical detail about Holst's life is that at one time he was deeply interested in Hindu mysticism; certain elements of Hindu musical forms can be detected in Neptune. All told, a very strange and interesting movement.

The Planets as an orchestral suite ranks, in my mind, among the very best. Easily the very best that Holst ever produced, it remains a monument to his far-reaching vision and imagination. It is extremely well arranged, especially in the horn section (Holst's own instrument was the trombone—this perhaps explains his singular understanding of that section of the orchestra.)

No collection of 20th century orchestral music is complete without **The Planets.** Get only the best —I recommend the D.G.G., Angel, and Seraphim recordings—and don't bother listening to it unless you have a good stereo system. There are too many great passages that would be ruined if accompanied by background hiss or hum, or if they were being tracked by an inferior stylus.

That's all for now.

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THEATRE

My Fat Friend, a fine show

by Cathie Rosa
Medium II Theatre Critic

My Fat Friend opened January 13 at the O'Keefe Center. The play has successfully run in London's West End and on Broadway.

The play concerns a young lady, Vicky, who is running the bookstore her father left to her, with help from two boarders. One of the surrogate family, Henry; hates the space wasted for football scores, but doesn't mind the pictures of the hunky football players. The other member is James, who spends his time trying to ignore Henry's stranger qualities and cooks for the "family", while trying to sell his novel.

Vicky, most admirably played by Lynn Redgrave, is a girl with an unfortunate love for food which results in making her slightly overweight about sixty-five pounds. Because of the "problem" Vicky is slightly depressed until a young Canadian geologist wanders into the bookstore. He takes a fancy to Vicky and entertains her for the last eighteen hours he has in England before his job takes him to Persia for four months.

Vicky's interest in Tom sets her on a four month diet to get her from a gainly two-hundred pounds to a shapely one-hundred and thirty-five pounds the day before Christmas. Vicky decks herself in a new dress and gets a new hairstyle, preparing for Tom's return. Tom returns only to find the Vicky he left, a new gorgeous female to everyone but him. Tom likes FAT WOMEN! Henry wishes he was a foot fetishist or something. Vicky does, fortunately live through this loss and live as a new person in the new shape she has found for herself.

The play is uproariously funny at the beginning but changes subtly upon the return of Tom to a soft melodrama. The contrast sounds ridiculous but it surprisingly works.

Henry is the most incredible character. George Rose protrays his part with flawless genius. Even though the part of a homosexual can be played up for a great deal of laughs, he plays for few cheap laughs, but instead is often warm and considerate to Vicky, while fighting with her.

Sometimes the group may break out laughing, which only lends a sense of how much they enjoy the play themselves. I found it a very enjoyable experience. **May Fat Friend** plays at the O'Keefe Center until January 25 at 8.30 p.m.

The National Ballet starts a new season

by Cathie Rosa
Medium II Theatre Critic

Most of us become aware of The National Ballet of Canada at Christmas time. We delight in the annual "Nutcracker Suite".

The grace and beauty of ballet mixed with the colour and excitement of Christmas always makes "The Nutcracker" a treat and this past season was no exception. The story is alive with fantasy to delight children of all ages. If you have not seen it yet, no matter what your taste for ballet is, see this show next Christmas as a present to yourself.

The new season for the National Ballet begins on February 8 under the artistic direction of David Haber. First will be the world premiere of a new "Coppélia" choreographed by Erik Bruhn. Also scheduled will be "Kattentanz", a Toronto premiere choreographed by Gerald Arpino; "Whispers of Darkness' created for the National Ballet by Canadian choreographer Norbet Vesak; "Inventions", a modern ballet by Constantin Patsalas; "The Sleeping Beauty", produced by Rudolph Nureyev returns and "Giselle" choreographed by Peter Wright and termed "the best Giselle in North America" by Dance magazine.

This all happens at the O'Keefe Center from February 8 to March 1. For more information about times of shows and tickets call The O'Keefe Center at 366-8484, or the National Ballet at 363-0228.

On Moose and Monarchs

by Joy Acacia
Medium II Staff Reporter

Charles Patcher: Monarchist or satirist?

This month's exhibit at the Erindale College Art Gallery is highly amusing. Patcher leaves no doubt in anyone's mind as to his nationality since ninety percent of the content in his current exhibit plays around with Queen and Moose motifs. "Royal Family on the Rocks," "Madonna of the Rocks", moose in the sky, moose in the water, moose in the bush, Patcher is oppressed or obsessed with his Canadian identity.

The works lose much of their power due to this repeated blatent symbolism. Why did he zero in on the Queen and a moose with hardly a variation? (The odd Mountie is thrown in, possibly as tragic relief.) Far from amusing, it actually "attains" monotony. If it weren't for the wall of lithographs to ease the sameness, one panting would be as good as the next. None of them have any particular impact or display anything akin to genius.

The large moose and majesty paintings have an eerie, elusive mood about them. The Queen, half-formed, a semi sceptre, pastel ghoul presents herself in the middle of a deserted northern lake. (Could she be walking on its waters?) In another, she emerges from the depths to wave at her moose friend, a pair of latter day Canadian Loch Nesses.

In another scene she has tamed her friend long enough to ride on him (sidesaddle of course) through the bleak landscape.

The heavy blues and greys serve to emphasize by contrast the ghoulish quality of our two pastel principal actors. If it weren't for the pink antlers, the paintings would be lost in their own muddiness.

However, in spite of a somewhat monotonous quality, the paintings retain a lighthearted view on what it doesn't mean to be a Canadian.

RELIGION . . . .

Continued from page 5

Jeff's father and the separation of Anita's parents serve to enhance the dramatic elements of the novel. These circumstances draw Jeff and Anita together as they share common experiences in regard to the disruption of normal family life and therefore now have a bond between them not usually existing between lovers.

As a counterpoint to the romance between Moose and Evie, Moose is the type of guy who is nervous of girls. He's shy and would rather not get involved thank you. Evie is the school punchboard. That this romance appears somewhat amusing is an understatement. However it's amusing aspects serve as a contrast to make the reader aware more of the aspects of Jeff's and Anita's romance.

All in all this is an excellent paperback novel. If you are interested in a book which is light reading and very enjoyable this book is for you. My thanks to Ballantine for the book.

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BOOKS

A quick look into Rock

by Bob Glista

Writing these articles has given me the pleasure of experiencing a new way of expressing myself. However, I have reached the stage where my increasing frustrations have taken all the enjoyment out of reviewing. The continuous misprints, partial prints and lost articles have been so irritating to me that I have decided to make this my last article.

Never the less, what I really want to talk about is the progression within rock and how it's treated us in 1974. This article is dedicated to Roman Blaskew of the Varsity, who infuriated me with his review of the Renaissance concert and his opinion of rock.

Renaissance in my opinion was one of, if not, the finest concerts of the year. How anyone can take your review seriously with your distorted criticism, is beyond me. You seem to focus your bitterness on the lack of progression and innovation within current music. Rock, (not rock and roll) has been around for about 10 years now and you seem to have the gall to expect revolutionary ideas which touch new diminsions with the release of every album. The classics have survived 600 years, and are continuing. Here, progression is present and almost inevitable considering the large time span from the Renaissance to the modern era. And your definition of "art" amazes me. Each group possesses a certain style, and when they are able to refine their ideas and technical know-how to a high degree of sophistication, they have, in my opinion, reached a state of art. But you must realize with the many different forms of art available, it's only natural that your taste and expectations of talent should limit you to a few. When you state that the use of the synthesizer by Ranaissance, (or for that matter, any other group) implies fine craftsmanship, your logic has me befuddled. I feel the synthesizer is one of the poorest used and least understood instruments played today.

Thus, I will agree with you to a degree that there is a lack of innovation and it is a serious matter when considering such simple groups at BTO, but this is not true for many individual groups you seem to have overlooked.

Now I'd like to talk about some of the real problems facing rock. The first thing you must realize is just how huge this industry has become and the incredible profits it's been making. Take for instance WEA, the conglomeration of three large established record companies that now control a big percentage of record sales and have just about every major group signed with them. And now look at the quality of records we're receiving. About two months ago a friend purchased the new Billy Joel album. As far as the musician's performance, it's a good album. Yet to spend in the vicinity of $7.50 and receive a warped plastic disc that hisses and ticks, you get the feeling you've been ripped. Personally I've switched to imported albums and use reel to reel to get away from the problem.

But it's not all bad. 1973 and 1974 have contributed more and better quality music into my personal collection then any other years. The most inertesting thing that has happened this year is the branching off of rock. No longer can rock be considered heavy metal music only. You now have glitter, electronics, classical, pseudo-lyrics and other segments creeping in and forming new styles in rock. Also I've noticed a big shift from the guitar being the dominant instrument, to keyboards. Though I'm not into synthesized music too much, a wizard on a grand piano and organ with a dabble of mellotron, can do wonders.

1974 has been a year of broadening and the discovery of good European groups, which by the way, has been the preference in my articles, yet on the whole it's been very degrading.

Before I end this, I would like to list my favorite albums that were released in Canada in 1974. But don't go out and buy one without having heard it, because it's only my opinion.

Al Stewart—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
Renaissance—TURN OF THE CARDS
Strawbs—HERO AND HEROINE
Triumvirat—ILLUSIONS ON A DOUBLE DIMPLE

Thus with a bit of searching you can find some excellent material scattered amongst the garbage.

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sports

SPORTS EDITORIAL

Pro Basketball in Toronto

by Joey Sikorski

Quite a while ago it seemed quite apparent that Toronto was going to get an NBA franchise. The NBA awarded a franchise to Toronto earlier this year with the franchise open for bids. Harold Ballard and his lawyer Ruby Tichman are partners in what will likely be the success or failure of basketball in Toronto. The Gardens' money will be the major share in the basketball venture.

However, basketball enthusiasts are disheartened right now. The NBA's board of governors voted not to expand for the 1975-76 season. However, the commissioner of the NBA, Walter Kennedy, said Toronto would be given first priority when expansion resumes.

Right now, however, no group or individual has posted the necessary $160,000 bond. Many people who seemed interested earlier are now not interested. This is typical of operators in Toronto and Canada.

They are so conservative that they won't take the initiative to put up the money for a franchise. The blame seems to be on the economic crisis right now, but that could just be an excuse for their riskless attitudes. Right now just Ballard and his lawyer are interested.

It's strange that Ballard is bidding for a basketball franchise. In earlier years he called the game a "ham and eggs sport" played by giants, but now he is trying to land a franchise. Of course he is in it for the money alone, like he is for most everything. Ballard says if Toronto does get a franchise, it will be an expansion team.

If Toronto does get a team, it is questionable whether it will survive. Last season the Braves averaged 7,700 fans per game in the Gardens. This year they got a sparse gathering of 4,519 fans for a game against Houston. They did get 14,000 fans for a game against basketball's best team, the Celtics, led by John Havlicek but it would have been a sellout in Buffalo.

The owner of the Braves, Paul Snyder has stated that the Braves will not play in the Gardens next year because they could sell a lot more tickets in Buffalo. Although most fans cheer for the Braves when they do play in Toronto, the Braves really don't have a loyal following.

If Toronto does get a basketball franchise, they will never get the loyalty the Leafs or the Argos get. The reasons for this are that (1) the players will be all Americans and (2) that hockey is numero uno in the winter time here no matter how bad the Leafs are playing. If the Braves get a franchise in the Gardens, they will be scheduled behind the Leafs and Toros, so home games could be on bad nights.

It would be interesting to see the salaries of Toronto players if a franchise is awarded here. Right now the average salary in the NBA is $90,000 and the minimum salary is around $40,000.

Practically all the teams in the NBA and ABA are losing money because of these high salaries and not so good attendance. College and high school basketball are bigger attractions down south.

The best thing for basketball would be a merger between the ABA and the NBA. This would put a stop to the high salaries and let some teams operate successfully. However, the NBA player's association has blocked merger attempts so they can keep their overpriced salaries. It is somewhat hard to respect pro sport when you hear of things like this.

Intramurals

INTRAMURALS

Hockey				
Division I	W	L	D	Pts.
Plumb Bobs	4	0	0	12
Polacks and Others	3	2	0	11
Watt's Twatts	2	3	0	9
Commerce Gamecocks	2	3	0	9
Sweet 69ers	1	3	1	6
Division II				
Wrecking Crew	5	0	0	15
Dipsticks	3	1	0	10
Urindale Ukes	2	2	0	8
Born Losers	0	5	0	5

Basketball (Final standings)				
Team	W	L	D	Pts.
Linklocks	5	1	0	16
Polacks and Others	5	0	1	15
Harry's Pussies	3	3	0	12
Pinetree's Ballers	3	3	0	12
Resident Rowdies	2	3	1	9
Rimmers	0	5	1	5

Resignation reveals . . . .

Continued from page 1

since been announced that the pub will have its permanent license by April 1, a date which may be moved to February 1.

MacInnis, in defense of himself, and in the same vein as Szaly and Rumak, said, "I've been called worse things by better people," regarding Casey's attacks in his resignation. He felt that though Casey had been doing a good job, he had made no point by resigning and was only creating a furor over nothing.

As for Smith's resignation, MacInnis stated that Smith had issued a statement saying that the pub had lost $6,000 since September, a case of gross mismanagement, according to MacInnis. The recent delays in opening the pub are merely the culmination of an entire year's incompetent work.

But for the work of a select few, SAGE's performance to date has been marred by the lack of communications and co-operations within SAGE.

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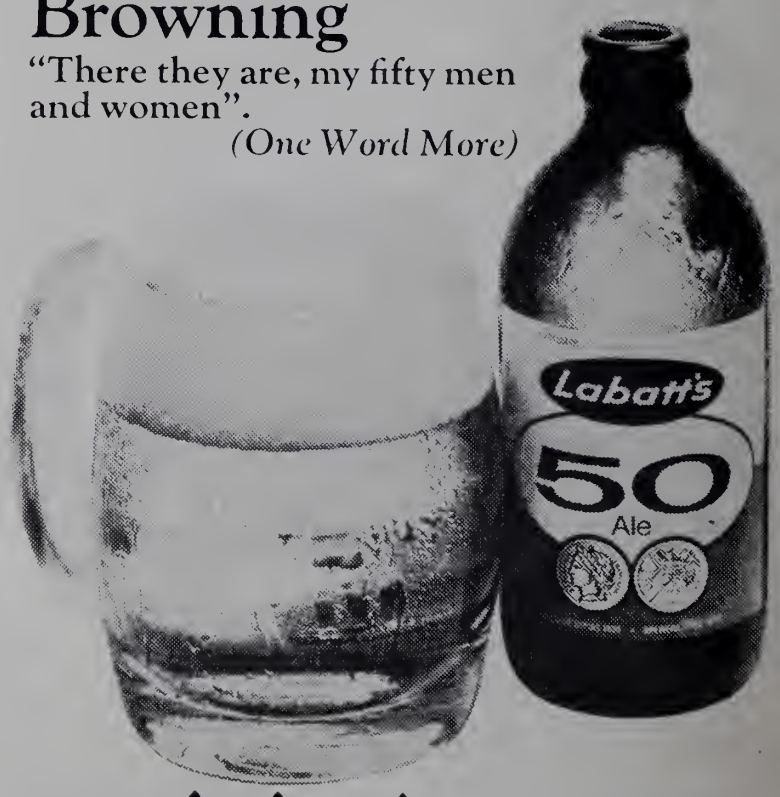

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